

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

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A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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A GLIMPSE AT WINTER.

"Give me," said Herder to his son, as he lay in the parched weariness of his last illness,— "give me a great thought, that I may quicken myself with it."

RICHTER.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE BROOK.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

A LITTLE brooklet danced and sung
Through all the summer hours.
It bathed the grasses at its brink
And frolicked with the flowers.
It mattered not if sun or moon
Rose o'er the brooding hill.
The joyous brooklet chattered on,
It never could keep still.

"Now rest awhile, my crazy one,"
Dear Mother Nature said,
"And listen to the kingly pines
That murmur overhead.
I own that baby song of yours
Is pleasant to the ear;
But there are grander strains, my child,
"Twould do you good to hear."

But still the brooklet babbled on,
And danced beneath the sun.
"I haven't finished, mother dear.
Indeed, I've but begun.
Speak never a scolding word to me,
Nor look so grave and sad.
I can't help singing all the day
Because I am so glad."

The days passed on. From out the north,
Cold winds began to blow,
And Mother Nature bound her brook
In sheets of ice and snow.
"Now go to sleep, my crazy one,
And dream until the spring.
When early bluebirds wake the flowers,
Then you may wake and sing."

I passed that way one winter morn.
The day was still and bright,
And all the fields were clothed with down,
Most wonderful and white.
Beneath its blankets strong and cold,
I heard a tiny chime.
"I'm talking yet," the brook sang out,
"Of flowers and summer time."

For Every Other Sunday.

THE BEST GIFTS.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

MARGERY was not the only one in trouble.
Far from it.

In the lovely old English shire of Warwick, by the edge of a meadow where yellow daffodils bloomed in spring, the pretty little creatures

Order and system are nobler things than power.
RUSKIN.

Justice is like the north star, which is fixed,
and all the rest revolve about it. CONFUCIUS.

that Master Shakspeare knew and loved bewailed their hard fate.

"It's no fun at all being a fairy now," sighed Moth.

"I have heard men often wish to be invisible," said Peasblossom.

"And they generally had some mischief on hand when they wished that," broke in Cobweb.

"But I should like to be *seen*," continued Peasblossom. "Do you recall our May dance by the moon? Some travellers chanced to get a glimpse, and they talked of it a year after."

"It was worth while to plan pretty surprises, when the little maids stole out in the dawn and dew to catch us at work. But now even the children have forgotten old tales."

"Hush, good neighbors, hush!" cried a tender mite of a fairy, peeping out of a flower-cup. "Did not Master Shakspeare put us in a book? Somebody must read that."

"Ah, Mustard-seed," sighed Peasblossom, "the worst of all is, we cannot any longer give beautiful gifts to the babies! In old times we were always invited to the christening-feast of the small mortal that was, after all, as big as a dozen of ourselves."

"I think, even then, our best gifts were invisible," hinted little Mustard-seed, gently. "We gave a happy temper sometimes, or the love of friends, or health, or beauty."

"Beauty *invisible*!" broke in Moth, with a chuckle. "I should think, if you could see anything, it would be beauty."

"Well," smiled the smallest fairy, good-naturedly, "it sometimes comes from invisible gifts. Plain Meg might look very different if the poor child were a little happier."

"Let us go to the homes of men," exclaimed Peasblossom, eagerly, "and try our invisible gifts. I have a fancy our little sister is right, and that some of them would be more pleased than with a magic ring or an enchanted box."

Cobweb looked a little dubious, but at last all agreed on the experiment. Away flew Peasblossom to—of all places in the world—the butcher's shop! Behind the shop was a comfortable house, for this butcher was rich; and yet his only girl was sitting alone and sad by the hearth, a few tears still undried on her cheeks. Indeed, she felt quite as unhappy as if she were poor and homeless; for she was very lonely.

Margery, or Meg, as the boys called her, when they laughed at her red hair and turned-up nose, was not pretty. She was crying now over some rough jest at her lack of beauty. At the time she had been very angry, and had retorted roughly; but now she grieved, thinking that no one would ever love her because of her ugliness.

"Beloved faces are never ugly," whispered Peasblossom in her mind's ear.

"I never thought of that before," said Margery aloud in her excitement, "but it's true. Do I ever do anything kind for people? If I were *very* pleasant and kind, perhaps they would not think"—

Rap, rap, rap, at the door. It was the washerwoman, who had come to say she was ready to take the washing again. She was a little afraid of Margery's rough words, and was surprised, as she told the pitiful story of her baby's illness and death, which had kept her at home last week, to see how quickly Margery's tears came, and to hear how kindly and tenderly she spoke. She was so touched by the young girl's sympathy that she forgot to go when she had put the clothes in the basket, but went on talking.

"It seems curious, don't it now, for my poor babe to be taken and the two babies across the way left, and their mother dead the same week my little one died? The precious darlings!" she added, with a deep sigh. "I wish I could keep

them for my own, but my husband thinks times are too hard."

"Are they twins?" asked Margery, with eager interest.

"Twin girls, rosy and sweet and fat as you ever saw. It breaks my heart to have them taken away, and they *must* go to-morrow."

Margery began to think. "I have some flannels and other things. Wouldn't they do to cut over for the babies, and save the expense of buying clothes?"

"Indeed, they would that!" and the woman's eyes brightened. "It don't take much stuff for those little things; but," and her brow clouded again, "I'm afraid my husband won't consent to my keeping them on that."

Now the butcher was a rich man; and, though the neighbors thought him "close" with his earnings, he was very fond of his motherless girl, and would, as Margery knew, spend very lavishly at times for her. And it was near her birthday. Margery thought all at once of what she would like for her birthday gift (perhaps Peasblossom whispered again), and her eyes danced with pleasure.

"Please don't send the babies away yet, Mrs. Smith, *please* don't. I have a plan; and I will make the babies' clothes, if you will cut them out for me. I can sew nicely now."

"What a sweet face Margery Brown has, to be sure, and what pretty ways!" said Mrs. Smith to her husband that night, as she told him of Margery's petition about the twins.

And Margery's heart was so full of kind thoughts about these motherless babies that she forgot her own looks entirely; and this, of course, made her look sweeter than her teasing school-mates would have believed possible. In truth, they had themselves made many of the ugly looks by their unkind words.

Poor Margery! She had a sore disappointment in store. When her father came to supper, he was so cross that he would listen to none of her plans for helping Mrs. Smith keep the babies, and scolded her roundly for her nonsense.

"A new kind of birthday gift, indeed! How did she know he meant to give her anything? Times were hard with him as well as with other folks."

Dear little Peasblossom was so very much alarmed by his angry words and looks that away she flew in great haste to the meadow, to beg the aid of Mustard-seed, as the smallest elf was called. Cobweb and Moth had by this time discovered the twin babies, and could not be coaxed away from their cradle. It was lucky for Mrs. Smith that they were there; for she was a very busy woman, and the next morning everything went wrong. The fire wouldn't burn, and the water boiled over, and she scalded her hand; and both babies would have fretted and cried but for the invisible nurses that patted them softly to sleep.

They tried their pretty art with the hard-working washerwoman, too; for, whenever she began to feel wearied out and discouraged, first one fairy and then the other would show her the babies growing up, and running to meet her at the door with little arms outstretched for love. She saw them learning all sorts of things, as she had dreamed her baby would, and coaxing her out of trouble with sweet ways and kisses. She even saw them grown women with babies of their own, and herself loved and cared for in old age and weakness; and she forgot to be tired or anxious, and began to sing a little cradle-song over her tub.

Mustard-seed's task was the hardest of all; but she chose the night when the butcher was asleep, and slipped into his mind a dream,—a dream of a

great storm with the keen wind driving the sleet and snow fiercely before it, and the old trees wildly tossing their leafless boughs. He dreamed he had turned the babies away from the door, and they were lost in this wild storm, and he could hear their pretty innocent voices begging some one to take them in and make them warm. It was not a pleasant night he spent; and the very next day he contrived to go to see Mr. Smith on some business, and to get a sight of the babies. They were not at all like the babies of his dream; for they were not crying, but cooing away together in high glee. He began to think well of Margery's plan for them, and was sorry he had been so cross with her for a kind thought.

That night, as she came to tell him good-night, he said,

"I have made up my mind to let you have your birthday gift, my lass. You are growing like your mother in her kind heart as well as her bonny face, Meg."

Like her beautiful mother,—oh, that was impossible! But it showed how her father loved her, and she kissed him with a heart full of love. She did not know how hope, kindness, and pity had made her homely face radiant.

Such invisible gifts as these are yours or mine when we will, not only Margery's; and a fairy godmother herself could bring no better.

SNOWFLAKES.

FALLING all the night-time,
Falling all the day;
Silent into silence
From the far away.

Stilly host unnumbered,
All the night and day.
Falling, falling, falling,
From the far away,

Never came like glory
To the fields and trees,
Never summer blossoms
Thick and white as these

To the dear old places
Winging night and day,
Follow, follow, follow,
Fold them soft away;

Folding, folding, folding,
Fold the world away,
Souls of flowers drifting
Down the winter day.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

For Every Other Sunday.

A DOZEN DISH-TOWELS.

BY SUSAN BROWN ROBBINS.

RUTH was learning to hem. Mamma did not know it. It was to be a great surprise.

Aunt Alice was in the secret, and every day after school Ruth stopped in at Aunt Alice's house and hemmed one dish-towel. When she had a dozen all done, she was going to carry them home to mamma, and tell her that she hemmed them.

Mamma wondered why Ruth was so late about coming home from school, and Ruth told her that she went in to see Aunt Alice. And so mamma did not suspect anything, and thought it was very kind of Ruth to visit her aunt every day.

Now Aunt Alice could hem beautifully; and she told Ruth just how to do it, and gave her some of her own hemming to look at, so that she could see how the stitches ought to be made. Ruth tried very hard; but, when the first towel was finished, she almost cried.

"Just see how it looks!" she said. "Great big

stitches and all different! It isn't any use to try. I can sew over and over and I can run, but I never can learn to hem."

"Oh, yes you can!" said Aunt Alice. "Everybody makes big stitches when they begin. The others will look better, you will see."

The next day Ruth hemmed the second towel. She tried harder than before, and the stitches were a little more even; but, when she put them beside Aunt Alice's hemming, she sighed. "Oh, dear! It is no use to try. I never can do it like that."

That was the way it was with every one of the twelve towels. Ruth didn't think she ever would learn to hem like Aunt Alice, and she didn't think it was any use to try. But Aunt Alice would not let her give up, and told her to try as hard as she could with every stitch.

In two weeks the twelve towels were done. Ruth fastened the thread, and passed the last one to Aunt Alice. She took it and folded it. "Come into the dining-room with me a moment," she said; and Ruth followed her.

Aunt Alice pinned a bit of paper on which was the figure twelve to the towel in her hand, then laid it on the dining-table in a row with the eleven others. Each one had a number pinned to it.

"Look at them carefully," said Aunt Alice. "Can't you see that there is a little improvement each day?"

"Yes, auntie," said Ruth, "a very little."

"Now let us put number one beside number twelve, and see the difference."

"Oh, my!" cried Ruth: "there is a great difference. O auntie, mayn't I take out number one and do it over? I am so ashamed of it."

"No," said Aunt Alice, "because then you would not know how much you have improved."

"I am going to make another dozen," said Ruth, "and do them all better than number twelve."

They left the little tags on the towels; and Aunt Alice tied them up in a nice bundle, and Ruth went hurrying home with it.

Mamma was very much surprised and pleased.

"I have been thinking that I ought to teach you to hem," she said, "and now I really believe you can do it better than I can."

"And, mamma," said Ruth, after they had looked at every hem and compared the first and the last, "there is something else I have learned; and that is, never to say that I can't and it's no use to try."

For Every Other Sunday.

THE PRAYING BOY.

(A Greek Bronze in the Museum at Berlin.)

BY JANET SANDERSON.

WITH the Greeks the kneeling position in prayer was avoided, as it was considered unbecoming to a free being.

He stood with uncovered head and stretched his arms upward as he called upon his gods. Homer sings of heroes who "stretch their hands to the gods" and "look up to heaven." His hands were always open, for clasped hands were thought a hindrance to progress and good fortune.

It was a common practice among the ancient Greeks to introduce many acts with prayer.

The beginning of the day, the taking up of household duties, the ending of a meal, as well as all public gatherings for worship, counsel, or war, were attended by prayer; and the custom has come down to our day.

This beautiful boy of bronze, in the Berlin Museum, is of life size. It is of such light weight that it can be easily carried by one man. The thinness of the bronze is marked evidence that it belongs to a skilful age. The lad poises his weight lightly on the left leg, stretches out his arms and

hands wide and high, as if to receive the blessing which he asks with open lips.

Earnestness, expectation, faith, and worship are all expressed in this wonderful attitude.

This bronze boy has an interesting history. The statue probably originated in the School of Lysippos in the fourth century B.C., as the type of head, the peculiar treatment of the hair, and the ideal proportions of the modelling display the delicacy and refinement of that school.

It was dug up from the Tiber, whose muddy bed doubtless contains many treasures still, during the pontificate of Clement XI. in 1700, and was presented by that pope to Prince Eugene of Savoy, though some accounts state that it was sold to Prince Eugene in 1717, during the reign of Louis XIV., by Fouquet of France, in whose possession it then was.

It is considered to be the same statue that was heard of in Venice in the sixteenth century. At all events, it was owned by Prince Eugene; for at his death it passed into possession of Prince Wenzel Liechtenstein, by whom it was sold to Frederick the Great in 1747 for 10,000 thalers, who placed it in his palace Sans-Souci, at Potsdam, and later moved it to his Berlin palace.

When Napoleon entered Berlin, there accompanied him a man by the name of Baron Denon, whom he had created Inspector-general of Museums, in which capacity he exhibited great ability. He suggested to Napoleon what art treasures, of the conquered cities, would be most suitable for the Louvre; and, when Napoleon took possession of the city, Denon took possession of the art treasures, the Praying Boy, among others, and sent them to Paris.

Here it remained for some time, the subject of great admiration; but it was subsequently restored to Berlin, and is now one of the gems of the museum.

A study into the history of this statue recently made by the authorities of the Berlin Museum has resulted in an attempt to destroy its most marked feature, that which has been admired by many generations, by showing that the arms raised in prayer may not belong to the original figure, but are the work of a modern restoration made, probably while the statue was in France, and that they indicate merely the idea of the restorer as to the original motive of statue.

It has also been thought that the statue was of a *genre* or decorative character, and that the hands held up a jar or vase. But, whatever may have been the original motive of the statue and the disposition of the arms, it has come down to us as one of the most beautiful bronzes, and known as the "Praying Boy," or, as Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham styles it in his beautiful poem:—

"THE JUVENIS ADORANS."

Tiber's yellow flood
Darkest tales can tell,
Where the mightiest stood,
How the haughtiest fell.

Tiber's sedgy banks
Rustle with the past.
Ah! that Rome's bright ranks
Should fade to this at last!

Tiber's muddy bed!
Beneath thy burial lid—
If true what men have said—
Treasures of spoil lie hid.

And we were truly told,
From those foul deeps they raise
A form of vigorous mould;
And, behold! he prays.

Not crouchingly he stands,
Not kneeling as in dread,
Not clasped his eager hands,
Not bowed his noble head.

His gaze is on the sky,
As if his trust were there;
His arms stretched wide and high,
As if his thanks were prayer.

His youth breathes strong of hope
And life's full generous fires,
As toward that heavenly cope
He worships and aspires.

So at the Easter-tide
The churches rose and stood,
Throwing all stoop aside
And every mournful mood.

O genius of new days,
Hail from thine ancient tomb!
Now let thy spirit's blaze
Chase the old world of gloom.

Bright one, thine influence pour
On man so prone and sad,
And teach him how to adore
And to be free and glad.

For Every Other Sunday.

HOW THEY WENT TO THE PARTY.

BY BERTHA LOUISE BOYD.

EVER so many little dolls were invited to a lawn party. The invitations were sent out by Penelope Prudence, a very lady-like doll about four inches high. All the other dolls were just about her size, too, and very attractive.

Penelope lived a long way off, and so it was too far for her guests to walk. Finally, the day came; and her friends began to arrive. The different "turnouts" were driven up to the bottom step of the house where Penelope's mistress lived; and the hitching posts were pins stuck in along the edge of the steps. It was a capital idea, and very safe, too.

You see all of Penelope's friends did not have horses and carriages, and so they came in the next best thing they could. Sarah Short borrowed a little fire-engine for the occasion, and her sister doll came on the hook-and-ladder wagon. Marie Pink, a dainty doll, who came from Paris, and had beautiful blue eyes and real hair, rode a woolly lamb. Another doll put a saddle on a goat, and rode *that* to the party, although he *would* stop to nibble at things along the way.

Jenny Jenkins drove a wooden zebra with funny black stripes painted on his back. He was the last animal left that once belonged to a Noah's Ark. He was pretty old and stiff; but Jenny started in plenty of time, and did not mind, as long as she could come to the party.

But the funniest of all was when a very handsome doll, who had been studying music in Berlin, came driving in on the back of a white duck. A little donkey followed, bringing a Swiss doll dressed in costume.

Some of the dolls had very pretty horses and carriages of their own, but they were too polite to act as though theirs were different from the others.

When it was time to go home, the patient "steeds" became restless. The duck quacked steadily, the lamb just bleated continually, and the donkey brayed, while the zebra feebly pawed the ground.

So all the dolls told Penelope what a beautiful time they had at her lawn party, and off they started.

After all, it was not the way they came that made them have such a lovely time. That did not make any difference at all. It was because they were kind to each other.

How shall he give kindling in whose inner man there is no live coal, but all is burnt out to a dead grammatical cinder?

CARLYLE.

For Every Other Sunday:

THE PLAINT OF A ROSE.

BY LUCY WEBSTER RINGSTAFF.

A SWEET Blush Rose had gone to bed,
For the weather was rough and bad.
"I'm the 'pride of the garden' no
more," she said,
With a look that was pale and sad.

"I used to go to the summer ball,
And danced with Bonnie Breeze;
But now those sunny days and all
Have gone to the past with these,"

She said as she turned to lilies dead,
Whose lingering perfum'd breath
Hung on the autumn leaves of red,
Like a heritage of death.

With a sigh she leaned to the long thin
grass

That stood up dead and brown.
"Oh that the clouds, as they fly past,
Might come a-tumbling down!"

"Then I might pillow my head on a
cloud,
And have a coverlet warm
To muffle the tread of the North Wind
loud
And stay the lash of the storm."

A Snowflake, hearing her lonely plaint
From her narrow brown-leaf bed,
In a caressing way, quiet and quaint,
Flew to the Rose, and said,—

"The cloudlets will weave a robe for
you
From the fleece of milk-white sheep
That tread on the floor of the skies'
bright blue
As they follow on down to the deep."

The Rose had only to listen and wait,
For soon a shower of fleece
With a film began to fabricate
A glistening robe with ease.

It hung with grace on the sweet Blush Rose.
And she? She thrilled with delight,
And under her robe of feathery snows
She slept through the winter night.

For Every Other Sunday.

LEAD-PENCILS.

BY LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

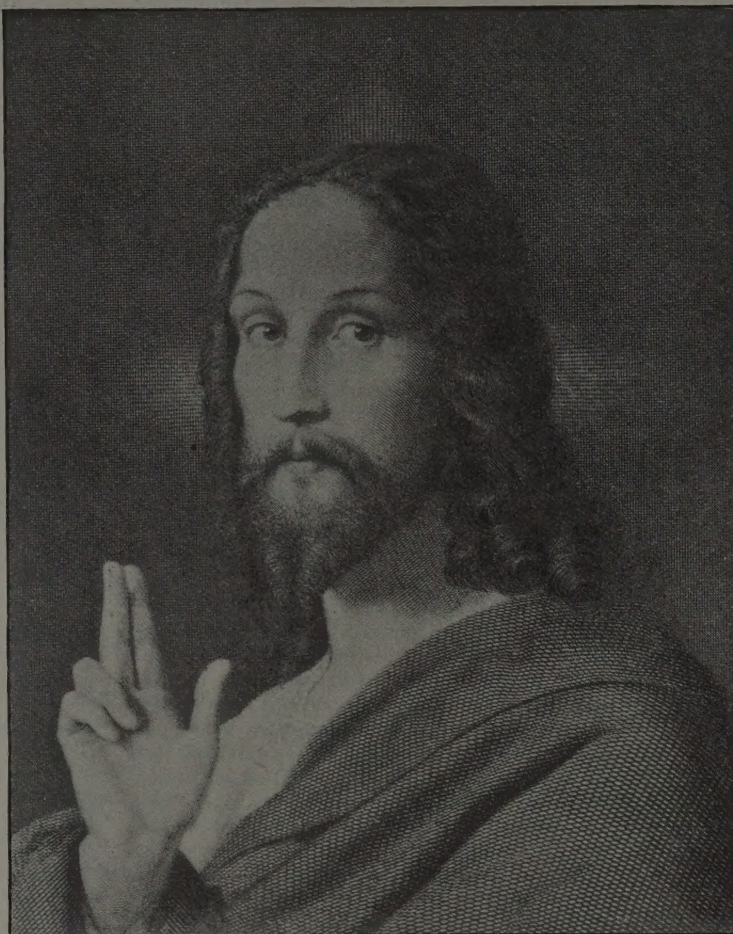
YES, they are such common things; and yet
it has taken thought, time, and trouble to
bring them to their present state of cheap-
ness and perfection.

Lead-pencils were once made of common lead,
which leaves a very light mark on paper. When
graphite was first used, the impressions made by it
were so much darker than the common lead that
it was called black lead.

In former times, when making leads for pencils,
the graphite was ground and formed into a paste
with water, then pressed into blocks which were
afterward sawed into square sticks. Each lead
was set into a groove cut in the side of a square
wooden stick, another piece of wood was glued on
top of it, and, when dry, the pencil was rounded
in a lathe.

Most of the pencils now in use are formed in a
different way. The best lead-pencils are made in
the United States, the purest graphite being found
at Ticonderoga, N.Y. This has been utilized by
the Dixon Crucible Company of Jersey City, and
an extremely superior quality of pencils is pro-
duced by them.

The black lead is brought from the mines in



SALVATOR MUNDI—DEGER.

lumps which are crushed fine under water, on the
top of which the lead floats off. It is allowed to
pass through several tanks or tubs, each of which
is lower than the one before it. The coarsest
grains settle to the bottom of the first tub, the
next coarser to the bottom of the second, and so on
until the finest grains appear in the last tub.

For very fine pencils only the settlings of the
last tub are used: the rest are employed in mak-
ing those of a common grade.

The graphite is next mixed with a sort of pipe
clay brought from Germany, enough water being
stirred in to make it the consistency of cream.
This is ground together until perfectly mixed. The
difference between soft and hard lead-pencils lies
in the amount of clay used. In hard pencils the
lead is made of half clay and half graphite, but in
medium ones there are about seven parts of clay
to ten of graphite.

After grinding, the mixture is put in canvas
bags and pressed till all the water runs out, leav-
ing it like thick dough. This is placed in a cylinder
or barrel, which has a tight-fitting plunger. In
the bottom of the barrel is a small hole of the size
and shape of the lead wanted. Through this the
lead is slowly forced, coming out in a long piece
which coils up like wire on a board beneath. Being
cut into bits, it is straightened and hardened by
baking, then the leads are ready to be put into
wood cases.

The cases have been made of a soft, close-
grained cedar that grows along the coast of
Florida; but the supply was not equal to the de-
mand. This wood is the best in the world for
cases. Much of it was sent to Europe for this use.
It was sawed at the mills in Florida into little
thin boards of the length and half the thickness of

a pencil, the pieces being wide enough
for making six pencils. Each one of
these is run through a machine which
smooths one side, and cuts six grooves
or places for the lead at the same
time.

The putting in of the leads is done
by girls. A girl lays the lead in the
six grooves in one board, then passes
it to a second, who puts over it an-
other board that has been covered
with hot glue by a third girl. The
boards are then screwed up tight in
an iron frame and left to dry. When
dry, the ends are ground smooth on
a wheel covered with sand-paper.
The boards are then put one by one
into a machine which cuts away all
the waste wood, and shapes the six
pencils on one side. The boards then
pass through a similar machine, which
shapes them on the other side; and
they fall into a basket,—six pencils
ready for varnishing and stamping.
Some pencils are round, some six-
sided. Colored pencils are dyed and
afterward varnished, but those of the
natural color of the wood are only
varnished. They must now be
stamped with the maker's name, and
the letters or figures that mark their
hardness or softness, and packed for
sale.

The stamping engine is a very in-
genious piece of machinery. When
fed into it, the pencils are stamped in
less than a moment of time. A girl
with this apparatus will stamp two
hundred pencils a minute. Gathered
from the box below into which they
fall, the pencils are carried away to
be tied in bundles. Of late years
pencils have been used without any

wooden casings, under the name of ever-pointed
pencils, being placed in peculiar cases, provided
with an iron wire and screw to protrude a small
portion of the graphite beyond the metallic case
as it is needed.

The wood commonly used for pencils is called
cedar; but, as the supply of the real article is
nearly exhausted, we would find, on examination,
that the wood is juniper. Redwood is also shipped
in carloads from California to Nuremberg in Ger-
many for use in the manufacture of lead-pencils.
Large pieces of graphite are very rare. The best
graphite came to us from the English mines of
Cumberland. The mountain at Borrowdale, where
the black lead was mined, is nearly two thousand
feet high; and the entrance to the mine is about a
thousand feet below its summit. The lead here is
almost exhausted.

Graphite is found in Finland. Large quantities
are brought from Ceylon and the East Indies, also
from Canada. The granulated graphite longest
known to commerce is found in vast quantities in
Bavaria. It is cheap as to price, but poor in
quality for anything but pencils. A very fine
article is brought from the Siberian mines, but it
has to be crushed.

Our own country now furnishes us with a superior
graphite, and it promises well for quantity. It is
impossible to conceive how many lead-pencils are
used in this big round world.

*Every rose is an autograph from the hand of
Almighty God.*

*Not a lichen scars the rock, not a star flames in
the sky, but it tells of the infinite loveliness and of
the infinitely loving God.*

THEODORE PARKER.

I'm proof against that word "failure." I've seen behind it. The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.

GEORGE ELIOT.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE WISER MAN.

BY CLARA E. WEBBER.

Two travellers, weary from journeying far,
Paused for a rest on an old fence bar;
And one, looking up at the sky so blue,
Exclaimed with deep joy, "'Tis surely true
When spring comes a-dancing o'er the hills,
How gay the song of the birds and rills,
And how at her call the violet fair
Peeps shyly out to breathe the soft air,
The genial sun beams so warm and bright
That the buds on the trees burst out with delight."

"Oh, yes," said the other, "'tis all very well
To gaze at the sky and its loveliness tell.
Look down at your feet, and what do you see?
Mud, mud everywhere: 'tis not pleasant to me.
E'en now the vain sun, tired of showing his power,
Hides in a cloud to bring up a shower.
Soon mists the now balmy air will fill,
And both you and I must prepare for a chill.
With chills in the air and mud at my feet,
I can never call springtime charming and sweet."

"Look down at my feet," said the other. "I see
Through the earth a wee flower wave its greet-
ing to me.

I can see the now sombre tint of the fields.
But this blade of green grass nature's promise
reveals;

And the spring, though capricious, is tender and
true.

Her tears are refreshing, her smiles are not few.
I can see the world full of signs of God's love,
All scattered about me, all shining above.

"I, too, can see evil and darkness and wrong;
But my faith in the good is so steadfast and strong
That the evil seems but as a block in the way.
Not to keep stumbling over, forever to stay,
But to be kindly helped till some good may be
found,
The violet rare came from out the dark ground."

But the other man sadly shook his head.
"Some good may be found, but evils soon spread.
'Tis easy to preach what our neighbors should
do."

"But," replied the man, with the broader view,
"I know very well 'tis oft hard to do right;
But, at least, we can try to be cheerful and
bright."

And, as they went again on their way,
Which man was the wiser, should you say?

For Every Other Sunday.

STORIES FROM THE FAERIE QUEEN.

Part III.

BY ADELAIDE WITHAM.

FOR many days Prince Arthur, Una, and the Red-cross Knight rested in the castle of Orgoglio which they had seized. Glad enough were they for breathing-space before resuming their journey, at the end of which must come the terrible encounter with the dragon who kept in captivity the mother and father of Una. During the hours of rest, Prince Arthur tells them the story of his birth and boyhood, and assures them that he, too, is devoted to the service of Gloriana, the Faerie Queen. Before they separate, he and the Red-cross Knight have vowed "eternal



"I'M HAPPY, ARE YOU?"

friendship fast" and exchange gifts. The prince gives

"A box of diamond sure
Embow'd with gold and gorgeous ornament,"

containing a drop of liquid which could heal the severest wound that sword could inflict; while the knight returns to him

"A book wherein his Saviour's Testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and brave;
A work of wondrous grace, and able souls to save."

Thus they parted.

Una and the knight, however, had gone only a few steps when they saw an armed knight galloping toward them. He seemed to be flying from some fearful foe; for,—

"Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast
As if his fear still followed him behind."

There was no armor upon his head, as his bright golden curls were bristling with fear. About his neck hung a hempen rope, which suited ill with his knightly armor. The Red-cross Knight rode up to him, and demanded why he sped so fast and in such fear. Three times he put his question, but the knight trembled so that his tongue refused to make answer. Finally, he cried,—

"For God's dear love, sir knight, do not me stay;
For lo! he comes, he comes fast after me!"

The Red-cross Knight assured him that no one was following, and asked who he could be. He

then told his story,—how he and a friend had started out on a long journey, and had met

"A man of hell, that calls himself Despair."

He tried to persuade the two travellers that life on earth is without hope and that there is no life hereafter to look forward to. So strong and cunning were his arguments that the two felt, the sooner life was ended, the better. When Despair had brought them to that point, he gave to one a knife and to the other a rope. One stabbed himself at once, and the other was he who had just encountered Una and the knight in his wild rush for escape from Despair.

The Red-cross Knight was eager to encounter and slay Despair, and finally persuaded the other to lead him to his den. They found it in

"An hollow cave
Far underneath a craggy cliff."

All around were bones and bodies of those whom Despair had persuaded to give up the brave struggle for life against great odds. The old man himself was crouching in a corner of the cave beside the body of the one who has just killed himself. He seemed to be exulting over this last victim when the Red-cross Knight roused him by crying to him that "his blood should pay for that so newly shed."

But Despair answered that he who lay there dead was at rest and at peace, and it was only a kindness to let him end his weary life. But the

good knight, who knew that life came from God and so belongs to him until he takes it again, answered: "The term of life is limited. Ne may a man prolong nor shorten it."

Then Despair tried to shake his faith by reminding him of all his failures,—how he had been forsaken once of Una, how he had been captured by Orgoglio, and how many hard encounters he had had. Finally, he said very cunningly,—

"The longer life, I note, the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment.
Death is the end of woes: die soon, O Faery's son!"

The knight almost began to believe that, after all, death was better than life; and Despair, seizing his hesitation, put into his hand a sharp, keen dagger. But in a second Una had grasped the knife, and threw it on the ground, crying:—

"Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight,
What meanest thou?
Is this the battle which thou vaunt'st to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?
Come, come away, frail, silly, fleshly wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart:
Arise, Sir Knight, arise, and leave this cursèd place!"

So Una succeeded in winning him away from the wicked wiles of Despair.

But she saw that the knight's fit of depression had so weakened him that she must take him somewhere to rest before journeying on again. She chose a house which she knew well, called the House of Holiness, kept by a holy woman called Dame Cœlia. She had three daughters, called Faith, Hope, and Charity; and her house was in every way an exact contrast to the house of Duessa, where they had tarried before. When they knocked, the portress, Humility, gladly let them enter. They found that they must stoop low as they walked through the passage; for you remember the Bible says, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life." Zeal and Reverence both met them in the hall, and carried them to Dame Cœlia. While she was receiving them, two maidens entered. The elder, whose name was Fidelia, meaning faith, was arrayed all in white. In her right hand she bore a cup of gold filled with wine. In it a serpent reared its head up over the brim, so that every one shuddered who looked at it. But Fidelia feared him not; for in her other hand she carried a book signed and sealed with blood, which contained the promises of God which would guide and guard her. Her young sister was clad all in blue, and called Speranza, or Hope. She did not seem as cheerful as her sister, for hope can never have quite the assurance of faith. She bore a silver anchor on her arm, on which she always seemed to be leaning for aid. After they all had greeted each other, a servant named Obedience carried the knight away to his rest.

Then Una told them how her knight had been weakened and discouraged by wicked Despair, so that sometimes she feared that he might give up trying to help her slay the dragon before her father's castle. Then they agreed on the morrow to encourage him and strengthen him. Fidelia taught him the wisdom of her book until with her words she was able to

"Raise again to life the heart that she did thrill."

Then Speranza "gave him comfort sweet," and taught him to learn to lean upon his anchor. Then they sent for Patience, the wise physician, who to the help of his salves and medicines added strong words and good advice.

Finally, the good knight was made strong and of good courage. Now he was introduced to Charissa. Her great beauty filled the knight's heart

with holy love for her. About her played her many children. She was dressed in clear yellow silk, and bore upon her head a circlet of gold. Una asked Charissa to show to the Red-cross Knight all the good servants who attended upon her. For Una knew that from each he could learn some good lesson.

So Charissa took his hand and led him over a steep and thorny way, where the brambles were so thick that she had many a time to hold the knight with her strong arms, or he would finally have fallen discouraged. At the end of this hard path they came to a holy hospital, where were seven beadmen

"Who had vowed all
Their life to service of high heaven's King.
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the weary way were travelling;
And one sate waiting ever them before,
To call in comers-by that needy were and poor."

The first received and gave food and lodging to all the poor who came. The second was the almsgiver.

"His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thirsty give to drink: a work of grace."

The third was to clothe the poor

"And if that no spare clothes to give he had,
His own coat he would cut, and it distribute glad."

The duty of the fourth was to take care of those in prison,

"And, though they faulty were, yet well he weighed
That God to us forgiveth every hour
Much more than that why they in bands were laid."

The fifth had charge of the sick, to give them comfort in their last hour, and give to God's care

"The feeble soul departing hence away."

The sixth had to perform the last duties for the dead; and the seventh, that the charity might be perfect, had charge of the orphans and widows of the dead.

"And, when they stood in most necessity,
He did supply their want and gave them ever free."

So beautiful seemed the life of these good people that the knight gladly stayed with them, and was trained daily in deeds of love and mercy. When he was thoroughly practised in these virtues, he was carried forth to a hill "that was both steep and high," on the top of which was a sacred chapel. Near by in its shadow stood a tiny hermitage where an aged holy man did live, who said his devotions both day and night.

"His name was Heavenly Contemplation
Of God and goodness was his meditation."

When he saw the knight struggling up the hill, he was at first impatient at being disturbed in his heavenly thoughts and asked why he had climbed the tedious height. The knight answered that he had come all the long way for a glimpse of heaven.

"Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way
That never yet was seen of Faeries' son,"

he answered, and led him to the highest mount. From thence far off he showed him a little path, which led up to a goodly city, whose walls and towers were builded high and strong of pearl and precious stone. It was called the "City of the Great King," and there

"Eternal peace and happiness doth dwell."

As the knight looked, he saw angels going to and fro in the city, a glad and happy company.

"Those," said Contemplation, "be the chosen people of God, who have battled through life and won their rest."

And the good knight, weary for his journey of weary adventures, longed to be one of them.

But Contemplation rebuked him, saying that he could not forfeit the knightly strength and faithfulness which he had vowed to Una. "But," he added, "if thou fight the good fight here, and live a noble life, in time thou shalt be a saint among these saints: thou

"Shalt be a saint, and thy own nation's friend,
And patron; thou *Saint George* shalt callèd be,
Saint George of Merrie England, the sign of victory!"

So with his heart full of courage the knight leaves Contemplation with his prophecy ringing in his ears, and goes back to Una, eager for the morrow, that they may set forth again in quest of the dragon.

For Every Other Sunday.

A CHINESE BOY'S STORY.

BY M. B. THRASHER.

VISITORS to the World's Fair at Chicago will remember the big building erected by the Chinese on the Midway Plaisance and the elaborate display of articles pertaining to that strange country which they made there. One of the most able managers of that establishment was Mr. Wong Aloy. This gentleman came to America some ten or twelve years ago. Since then he has mastered the English language sufficiently to be able to speak and write it with ease. If any of us would criticise any mistakes which he may make, let us ask ourselves the question whether we think we could have learned to write and speak Chinese as well in the same time. On being asked to write out some account of his boyhood in that far-off foreign land, Wong Aloy wrote the following, which is given just as it came from his pen:—

"I was a bad boy of my boyhood. My mother always taught me three things,—not to play on water or climb on the tree, and not get near the cattle. But there was unfortunately those three things my mother don't want me to do, they are the hardest temptations for me to overcome.

"When I was a child, I cannot helped myself to not played on a pail of water when I saw it. However, there was one little beautiful lake on the front of my village, and there was also a boat used by the public; and one day myself and several other children, we took a ride, and it was happened we get our clothes all wet. I was afraid to went home for fear that my mother find out I played on water she might give me a good spank.

"I went to the woods, and thought get my clothes all dry before dark. But, when supper time came, my folks began looked for me. So, finally, my sister discovered me at the woods; and there I was, and my clothes were all hung up to the bushes and hoping to get dry.

"What are you doing here, Aloy?" asked my sister with the loved and tenderness tone.

"I don't know what to said, and I began to cried.

"My sister took up all my clothes, and put her hand in mine, and said, 'Come now, let us go home.' And she lead me with her with her tenderness and thoughtfulness. When we arrived home, my sister changed all my clothes and after my supper eat. And then my mother asked me how it happened my clothes were all wet. Of course, I told her that I have been played on the water.

"Did you remembered what I told you about playing on the water?" asked my mother.

"Yes," answered I.

"Go in my room, then," said my mother; and I went in like a good little fellow, and my mother followed me. After we arrived my mother's room, she took hold of my hands and put a rope around them and tied me in the bedside, which she meant to determined to break my habit to play on water.

"I asked for mercy, but my mother refused

granted it. But I cried as aloud as I can; and, when my sister heard my voice, she went in where we were. And then my sister prayed for mercy, and said, 'Mother, I do ask you to be forgive my little brother.' And she hold my mother's arms, so that finally she did forgave me for the sake of the tenderness of my sister.

"But they made me promised them that I never play on the water again. Of course, that time I almost promised anything to saved myself to get a good spanks from my mother."

THE MODERN SAINT.

No monkish garb he wears, no beads he tells,
Nor is immured in walls remote from strife;
But from his heart deep mercy ever wells,
He looks humanely forth on human life.

In place of missals or of altar dreams,
He cons the passionate book of deeds and days,
Striving to cast the comforting sweet beams
Of charity on dark and noisome ways.

Not hedged about by sacerdotal rule,
He walks a fellow of the scarred and weak;
Liberal and wise his gifts: he goes to school
To Justice; and he turns the other cheek.

He looks not holy; simple is his belief;
His creed, for mystic visions do not scan;
His face shows lines cut there by others' grief,
And in his eyes is love of brother man.

Not self nor self-salvation is his care;
He yearns to make the world a sunnier clime
To live in; and his mission everywhere
Is strangely like to Christ's in olden time.

No mediæval mystery, no crowned
Dim figure, halo-ringed, uncanny bright.
A modern saint! A man who treads earth's
ground
And ministers to men with all his might.

RICHARD BURTON.

For Every Other Sunday.

SOPHY'S SIMPLICITY.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCH.

"MARY! May-ree! May-ree!"
Little Sophy's voice could be heard
rising higher and higher, as she sought
her sister in the large garden which sloped down
to the river.

After looking in the summer-house, the grape-
arbor, and various other favorite haunts without
success, she found her at last, sitting on the boat-
house steps.

"Why, Mary!" she cried reproachfully. "I've
been hunting you everywhere. Ain't you going
to watch for them? It's almost time."

Mary did not withdraw her gaze from the water
as she answered, "No."

"Why, Mary, don't you want to see them?
Uncle John says they're real nice girls, and wants
us to play with them."

"They'll put on airs."

"Yes, I s'pose they will," meekly assented
Sophy. "But, then, you know, they live at a
hotel."

Living at a hotel seemed to Sophy only inferior
to dwelling in a palace. So she thought any one
who enjoyed such a luxury privileged to show
some pride.

She was a chubby little girl of ten years, with
round blue eyes opening wide with wonder at
every tale she heard. Her light brown hair would
have curled, and made her a pretty child; but her
mother brushed and braided the rebellious locks
as straight and tight as possible for fear such
frivolities as curls would make her vain. In dis-
position she was merry and affectionate.

Mary, on the contrary, was dark and serious.
Her sombre brown eyes were seldom brightened
by mirth, and she had already learned that the
world is full of trouble.

Longing intensely, but secretly, for pretty
clothes, she was envious of girls who wore them,
and was not generous enough to express the ad-
miration she felt for the possessions or accom-
plishments of others.

"I don't want to have anything to do with these
Chemworth girls," she declared, as Sophy con-
tinued to coax her. "They are rich, and we're
poor. They live in style, and we don't. They're
just as different from us as can be. So what's
the use of trying to be friends? They'll only stay
a week, anyway, and won't know anything about
me if I keep out of their sight."

"Well, but Mary," persisted anxious little
Sophy. "We ought to try to be friends with
them, just to please Uncle John. If it wasn't for
him, we'd have to stay all the hot weather in our
stuffy little house at Lowden, and we couldn't
have this beautiful garden to play in or that lovely
water to look at every summer."

Mary drew a long breath of delight as she
gazed far down the river to the beacon, where the
great waves of the Atlantic could be seen break-
ing on the rocky coast.

"No, we couldn't," she said gently. "Uncle
John is good, and I'll try to please him."

Sophy caught her hand joyfully. "Come on,
then!" she cried. "Let's run. It's almost time
for them to be here."

They hastened through the garden and house,
reaching the front steps just as a carriage from
the railroad station dashed up with a great flourish
of whip and rein.

Uncle John helped two girls to alight from it,
and led them up the steps to the door where Aunt
Margaret was waiting to give them a warm wel-
come, for they were the daughters of an old school
friend.

Then he turned to the children, and said: "Ethel
and Mildred, these are my nieces, Mary and Sophy,
who are spending their vacation with me. I hope
you will be good friends."

Mary's quick eyes saw at a glance that the
visitors were very stylishly dressed, with their hair
in soft curls about their pretty faces; and envious
feelings sprang at once in her breast, making her
manner very unattractive.

But Sophy smiled engagingly upon the two girls,
and attached herself to them at once. She went
with them to their room, where she helped unpack
their trunk, regarding the pretty clothes taken
from it with open admiration and frankly express-
ing wonder at their elaborate toilet articles, the
use of many of which were unknown to her.

They proved to be very pleasant, well-behaved
girls, although far different in thought, feeling,
and habit from Mary and Sophy. Their hotel life
had accustomed them to many servants. So without
any hesitation they accepted Sophy's willingness to
wait upon them, and let her fetch and carry to
such an extent that Mary's indignation was aroused;
and she remonstrated with her sister.

"You're just like a servant," she said. "You
run for a glass of water for them and button their
shoes and hang up their dresses; and you'll make
them vainer than ever, admiring their clothes as
you do."

"I don't care," returned Sophy, in self-defence.
"They're real pleasant, and I like to wait on them;
and, if I think their clothes are pretty, I'm going to
say so. They let me try on all their rings and
bracelets,—they've got lots,—and put some of
their perfumery on my handkerchief. It's lovely.
Just smell it."

But Mary refused scornfully. She sniffed the
air instead, and withdrew to her own occupations;

for she and the new-comers did not find each other
congenial.

Sophy, on the contrary, was pronounced by
Ethel and Mildred to be "great fun"; and they
told her stories of their city life just to see her
open her eyes in astonishment.

After supper one evening they loitered in the
hall, debating what to play. Sophy suggested one
simple game after another, only to have each one
set aside by the visitors with a high-handedness
which angered Mary, who watched them over the
top of her book.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," decided Mildred.
"We'll play hotel."

"Oh, goody!" cried Sophy, ecstatically. "How
shall we do it?"

"Well, Ethel and I will be ladies; and you must
be the bell-boy to wait on us."

"Of course," said Mary to herself, "Sophy must
be the servant."

"I will be living in a hotel," continued Mildred,
"and Ethel will call on me. You must show her
to my room; and every time I ring the bell—we
will get the tea-bell from the dining-room—you
must come to see what is wanted. Do you under-
stand?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Well, then, I'll go up to the front bedroom,
which will be my parlor."

As soon as she had gone upstairs, a knock was
heard in the hall. Sophy flew to answer it, and
found Ethel, who asked in a mincing voice:—

"Is Miss Mildred receiving to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am, she"—

"That's not the way," returned Ethel, in her
natural voice. "You must say, 'I will see,' and
take up my card."

"I will see," repeated Sophy, taking an imagi-
nary card on a make-believe salver and running up-
stairs, returning, in a minute, to conduct the visitor
to the supposed parlor.

From that time on there was a constant call for
the bell-boy, and Sophy hurried up and down stairs
to do the bidding of the hotel ladies. She thought
it great fun.

The ladies called for so many things of which
she had never heard that she felt she was learn-
ing a great deal about hotels; but the most inter-
esting demand made upon her was when Mildred
held out the tooth-brush mug with a great flourish,
and said in a fine lady's voice,—

"A little of the lignumvity, if you please."

What a word! Sophy was delighted with it.
She rolled it under her tongue as she dashed away
to pretend to fill the mug, and wondered what kind
of a beverage it could be.

It must be a favorite at hotels she decided, for
the ladies desired it several times before the call
was over.

"What is lignumvity?" asked Mary, after hear-
ing Sophy repeat it several times, as she ran up
and down stairs.

"I don't know. But I guess it's something real
good, like soda water or lemonade."

"Well, I think you'd better find out before you
say it many more times. It may be something
real bad, like whiskey or gin, or just as like's not
they're making fun of you."

But unsuspicious Sophy did not ask. She played
hotel every evening of the girls' visit; and, when
the happy summer was over, she took the game
home to Lowden, where she regaled her compan-
ions with imaginary mugs of the new beverage.

It chanced to be several years before she dis-
covered, to her great bewilderment, the real mean-
ing of "lignum vitæ."

*The shortest life is long enough if it lead to a
better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.*

SELECTED.

*We are more heavily taxed by our idleness,
pride, and folly, than we are taxed by govern-
ment.*
FRANKLIN.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibres tender,
Waving when the wind crept down so low;
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it;
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it;
But no foot of man e'er came that way,
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Giant forests shook their stately branches,
Mammoth creatures stalked the plain.
Nature revelled in wild mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees,
Only grew and waved its sweet wild way,—
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth one day put on a frolic mood,
Moved the hills and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean,
Heaved the rocks, and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,
Covered it and hid it safe away.
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony, oh, life's bitter cost
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man,
Searching Nature's secrets far and deep.
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Veining, leafage, fibres, clear and fine;
And the fern's life lay in every line.
So, methinks, God hides some souls away
Sweetly to surprise us some sweet day.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday

A TRUE STORY OF A HEN.

BY LUCY WEBSTER RINGSTAFF.

I WANT to tell the young readers of *Every Other Sunday* about the doings of a hen in our poultryyard. One day in early autumn, when the sunflower seed were fully ripe, I spied Speckle pecking away on the brown stalk of one of the tallest bushes. My curiosity being aroused, I stood and watched her. To my surprise, she pecked away with a will till a number of seed had been shaken from the seed disc. Then she picked them from the ground until she had eaten quite a good dinner. Day after day I saw her do this. Finally, the other chickens discovered that there would be seeds on the ground when Speckle went to the bush, and then she had a hard time of it. As soon as she would go to the bush, the others would flock around her, and eat the seeds as fast as she could shake them down. Undaunted though, she would work away until the rest were filled, and then get a paltry share from their leavings. Though the chickens knew perfectly well that there would be seeds on the ground when Speckle pecked the bush, still none of them caught Speckle's idea of shaking a bush for themselves,—and there were plenty of them,—so I concluded that Speckle was an exceptionally brilliant hen. Don't you think so, too?

Good humor is always a success. LAVATER.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE Editor has received a letter from one of our earnest Sunday-School workers, protesting against the publishing in *Every Other Sunday* of pictures of Jesus other than those which represent him as a "benevolent-appearing character," attractive, gracious, and humane. This protest was entered in behalf of young people, who ought to receive right impressions as to Jesus. All this arose over Munkacsy's painting, his head of Jesus appearing in our paper for December 3.

The Editor is not unfamiliar with the discussion. It arises over all subjects connected with Biblical lessons. Some want Hofmann, Bida, Schnorr. Others demand Zimmerman, Tissot, Durand. Equally good people and equally learned ones differ over this. No doubt there is a happy medium in the portraits of Jesus. They are all imaginative; and that golden mean must be struck by a healthy, educated, reverent imagination.

Who has that? We offered to furnish our teachers with specimens of famous heads of Jesus for purposes of comparison and education. We predicted surprise and sometimes dislike. But is it not worth doing? What do our teachers think? The Editor asks for expressions, for various reasons. Do we need the varying conceptions of great artists? Is it good religious education to offer all sides of the truth? Did Jesus appear the same at all times?

This week we give a head by another prominent painter, Deger.

Ernest Deger was born at Bockenem, Hanover, April 15, 1809, and died at Düsseldorf, Jan. 27, 1885. He was a history painter, a pupil in 1828 of the Berlin Academy under Wach, and in 1829 of the Düsseldorf Academy under Schadow. In Rome, in 1837-41, he prepared himself to paint the frescos of the St. Apollinaris Chapel at Remagen, which he executed conjointly with Ittenbach and Andreas and Karl Müller in 1843-51. He then decorated the chapel at Castle Stolzenfels, near Coblenz, for Frederick William IV. of Prussia, and in 1869 became professor at the Düsseldorf Academy. He was a member of the Berlin and Munich Academies. Among his works are: Bearing the Cross (1832); Annunciation (1834); Resurrection (1835); Seven Scenes from the Life of Christ (1841-51); Redeemer with Mary and John Baptist, and several Madonnas.

LETTER-BOX.

REVERE, MASS.

Dear Editor,—I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday School of Revere. I like *Every Other Sunday* very much. Enclosed please find answer to Enigma No. IX. by the intermediate class of Andover, N.H., also Charade IV. and hidden poets. I hope the Andover, N.H., class will make their enigmas a little easier.
Respectfully yours,

GEORGE BATH.

HUDSON, MASS.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Unitarian Church and Sunday School in Hudson. I like the stories in *Every Other Sunday*, and I like to make out the puzzles. I am twelve years old. I send an enigma and some twisted rivers, hoping to see them printed. I wish your paper great success, and I remain your faithful reader,

HAZEL.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the *Every Other Sunday*, and enjoy it very much. I am a member of the Church of the Unity of Worcester, and have an anagram which I hope will be suitable to print.

Yours most sincerely,

LAURENCE B. GILE.

ENIGMA XVI.

I AM composed of twenty-one letters.
My 18, 14, 13, is a participle.
My 10, 5, 15, is a verb.
My 18, 19, 19, 13, is a head-gear.
My 11, 2, 4, 20, is a preposition.
My 7, 6, 3, 16, is a flower.
My 17, 19, 21, 13, is not hot.
My 10, 5, 3, 13, is a verb.
My 12, 20, 4, is a word of denial.
My 18, 5, 6, 13, is not soft.
My 10, 19, 12, is a child.
My 18, 14, 16, 4, 15, is not slow.
My 6, 8, 4, is a small animal.
My 1, 9, 3, 4, is one.
My whole is where most of your readers go.

MARY JESSIE WOOD.

ANAGRAM.

OMRE a ebuatilfu yite fo Iytla aws lbitu yb Rsomuul.
LAURENCE B. GILE.

TRANSPOSITION (TWISTED RIVERS).

- | | |
|--------------|-------------|
| 1. Enil. | 6. Inehr. |
| 2. Honre. | 7. Symeit. |
| 3. Redinpe. | 8. Arselch. |
| 4. Yamurr. | 9. Dconroc. |
| 5. Ledwraea. | 10. Uasnah. |

HAZEL.

UNFINISHED VERSES.

ONE day in sunny June I sailed upon the—
My heart was full of sadness, there was no song for—

But when my boat approached the—
I saw another on the—

Another boat which came from—
Its figure-head was one lone—

A stranger asked me of my—
He proved himself my long-lost—

So now I sail my bonny boat upon the self-same—
But my heart is full of gladness, my song is full of—
Selected.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. VIII.

ENIGMA XII. Baltimore.

ENIGMA XIII. To thine own self be true.

TWISTED FLOWERS.

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------|
| Tulip. | Marigold. |
| Lady's-slipper. | Dahlia. |
| Lilac. | Peony. |
| Syringa. | Hawthorn. |
| Snowdrop. | Petunia. |

Pansy.

ANAGRAM.

All that glitters is not gold.

SQUARE WORD.

M A B.
A R E.
B E D.

Correct answers to Enigmas XI. and XIII. have been received from Stephens Otis Baker and Susie Fish.

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(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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